spair by a cold denial. Give me time; let me show you how truly, how fervently I love you! Let me redeem myself in your opinion. Speak to me, dear Nora, and give me a little hope."

Elinor's countenance had been deadly pale for some time. It now flushed to a deep crimson, and her drooping lids veiled her eyes. Edward took her hand and kissed it. It remained passive in his. He drew her head upon his shoulder, and a shower of bright tears rained from those tender eyes.

It was never known to the veracious narrator of this history whether Elinor made any reply to the vehement pleadings of her lover. There is a sort of magnetism, however, between people thus situated which the uninitiated cannot understand, and which is an admirable substitute for words. One fact is ascertained; Edward never complained of the taciturnity of the lady of his love, and, before twenty-four hours were over, he made an authorized application to her father for her hand, which application, we may add, was favorably received.

The joy of Mrs. Clifton at this realization of her dearest hopes may be conceived. The chagrin of old Nanny may also be left to the imagination of the reader. Luckily for her peace of mind ever after, she never knew that her own act had precipitated the event which she so much deplored.

As for Emily, she was unable to conceal her mortification when her cousin's engagement was announced. She had no affection to disappoint; but her pride, vanity, and ambition were all deeply wounded, and she soon took occasion to make another visit to Baltimore. In less than two months after her departure, Mrs. Frederic Campbell was moving mountains to prepare for her an adequate bridal outfit. Emily's intended husband was altogether an unexceptionable person. He was a good deal older than herself, to be sure; but what did that matter? He was very rich, and had a fine house and several carriages. Among the numerous sources of satisfaction to Emily, in this connection, was the triumph of being married before her cousin. Her wedding was solemnized with great *éclat;* she drove from church in her own carriage, and, in a few weeks, embarked for Europe, where, at the last accounts, she is represented to be as remarkable for the admiration which she attracts, as for the jealousy which she excites in her husband, who, a victim to paralysis, sojourns with his brilliant wife in every capital in Europe, and finds happiness and repose nowhere. Rumor says that Emily's infant, which was left in Paris with a French nurse, is dead; but, as she has never exhibited any signs of mourning, the charitable doubt the report.

The marriage of Edward and Elinor took place in a few months. The love which Edward bore his wife was equaled by the reverence which he felt for the mother who had trained her up, and given her those high principles and domestic virtues which made her the charm, the stay, the comfort of his home. He felt that he was supremely blest; and no happier day ever dawned than that which united, by an indissoluble tie, the two families of Campbell and Clifton.

THE DARK CLOSET.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

It is terrible to strive with an accusing conscience! I have tried to overcome my remorse by reflecting that what I had done was done, and could not be altered. I have tried to stifle my anguish by prayers, to atone for my crime by tears. All has been vain, because all has been selfish.

I will make one more effort: I will try confession. Yes, I will confess not to Heaven only, but to earth. This humiliation may be blessed. Perhaps it may save some mother from errors like mine; from sorrows like mine: I shall not then have suffered in vain!

I must give a sketch of my own history, in order to make my confession fully understood. I do this, not with a view to palliate my faults while acknowledging them. No; my sins are great, and not easily excused; but I know what none besides can, the causes which have made me thus capricious and erring. And, while I confess my errors, shall I not also expose their causes? It is the only way in which I can hope my story may be of advantage to others. It would otherwise be like a warning of danger, without showing any way of escape—it might terrify, it would not enlighten or improve.

I trace all my errors of feeling and conduct to the errors of my early education. I was an only child. My father was devoted to his business, and paid little attention to my training. He only called me to him to give me some pretty plaything, or dainty, and I liked him because of these pretty and nice things he brought me. When my humors and appetites were gratified, I was fond of him and glad to see him; at other times, I felt no more affection for him than for the cook; for she, too, pampered my appetite with all sweet and savory articles of food. My father never taught me; and I cannot now recall any early associations or ideas which rested on him for their origin. He had no moral power over my heart and mind.

My mother was a good manager; her house and table were always well arranged. She was fond of dress, but fonder of me; and, had she known how to train me judiciously, she would have done so. But she thought that the chief end of life was to live well, and that I needed a little of every good thing she herself indulged in. So that, from my cradle, I was pampered with every luxury, and thus taught to associate my happiness with my own gratifications of sense. I never loved any person because they loved me; but only because they gave me things I loved.

How much is depending on early impressions! How great the responsibility of those who have the privilege of training children rationally! There is not an absurdity in habit, a prejudice in judgment, an error in principle, but we Americans are at liberty to correct it. And yet, in one respect, there is not a people on the face of the earth who err so wofully in the management of their children. We kill them, body or soul, and often both, by early indulgences of the appetite. They literally eat themselves to death. Hundreds of children perish every year of diseases caused by repletion. And many who, by the strength of their constitutions, survive this pampering, are rendered sluggish in mind, and feeble in body, selfish, irritable, and miserable for life. I speak now particularly of the children of the rich. To the poor, in this respect, poverty is a blessing. Oh, I have felt what I would describe! I first remember myself as a puny, sickly creature, exhausted by the load of indigestible substances I was tempted to swallow. I have no doubt—indeed, I know that my temper was irritated by the stimulating effects of the rich and racy condiments I was permitted to gorge myself with. I was restless, and almost always cross; but it was caused either by the cravings of a diseased stomach, or the pain of a burdened one. Thus passed my infancy, when impressions, never to be effaced in this world, were made on my mind.

I was not sent to school till I was about seven years old, as my mother thought I was too feeble to bear the fatigue and confinement. She went with me the first day, when we only staid half an hour, to see how I liked it. I recollect my first impressions of that school. They were pleasurable, very. The children were all so busy, and looked so happy, I thought I should like to be a scholar. But, alas! my habits were totally averse to steady application. I had only considered books as playthings, which were pretty enough when new and full of pictures; but to pore over them day after day, to learn a lesson, was hateful. I had always been bribed to learn by the promise of something good to eat; I had no idea of any pleasure from the exercise of my rational or moral faculties. I was wholly a creature of sense and passion. I sucked my comfits when I should have studied my lesson; and, when the teacher took away my basket of confectionery, I was so angry I threw away my book. The teacher punished me, and my mother took me from the school.

"Poor child!" said my mother; "all her fault was eating a sugar-plum!"

This first scene of my school life was type of the whole course till I was nearly fourteen. During these seven years, my mother had changed my school at least twenty times, besides keeping me a considerable part of each year at home. I think the teachers should bear some of the blame of this fickleness. I was, to be sure, a fretful, indolent, spoiled child; but I had capacity to learn, and, if my instructors—I attended schools taught by men as well as ladies—had studied my disposition, and adapted their instructions accordingly, I do believe I might have been won to love books, and the discipline necessary to give me industrious habits and self-control would then have been comparatively easy. I believe this, because it was afterwards effected in part; and, had the same management commenced earlier, it might have been entirely successful.

When I was about fourteen, a lady, a friend of my mother, and the confidant of all her troubles with respect to my education, strongly advised that I should be placed at a seminary in the country. She said it would improve my health, and the preceptress was a lady of such excellent judgment and principles that, if anything could be done to improve me, she would be sure to spare no pains to effect it. My parents had begun to despair of my capacity. I had been pronounced incorrigibly dull by every teacher. My father was mortified, and my mother grieved, by my conduct; and so, as a last resource, they sent me to the country.

Mrs. L*****, the preceptress, made many minute inquiries of my mother. I recollect them well; and the expression of her countenance, too, when she looked over my trunks, and found one nearly filled with rich cakes, and confectionery, and essences, and rare juleps. She said nothing at that time, but she appeared afterwards to understand my disposition perfectly. She took me into her own room, had a bed fitted up for me beside hers, and every night, after I retired, she sat down beside me and conversed. At first, she said only a few words, perhaps some inquiries about my lesson or my thoughts, and a little explanation of what would be done the next day. By degrees, she introduced stories of the good scholars she had had, and then she repeated short poems, and pointed out their beauties, and endeavored to make me comprehend and feel them. She recited poetry in a most impressive manner; and I remember the effect which some of those poems wrought on me. I think I may say, the first time my heart was ever melted by the pathos of sentiment was hearing her recite Wordsworth's ballad, "We are Seven." I wept; sweet tears they were; for they had been called forth by sympathy with innocence. Mrs. L. bent over me and kissed my cheek. The tears were in her eyes, as she said—

"My child, Louisa, you will yet be all I can wish."

In this manner, without any appearance of undue solicitude on her part, she was winning my confidence. I thought it not strange she should talk thus with me, because I had always been used to so many attentions from my mother; but, had she not taken me to her own room, her solicitude would have been remarked by the other scholars. But how different were my mother's nightly salutations from that of Mrs. L.!

"Louisa, dear, how do you feel? Shall I get you anything to take before you go to sleep?" my kind, but mistaken mother would say.

Mrs. L. never inquired about the state of my stomach; she gave me cordials for the heart and mind, and, by her skill, awakened such new and pleasant ideas, that I would lie quietly musing till I fell asleep. And this sleep was to me a very great blessing, for I had been, from an infant, troubled with restlessness through the night.

For the first three months, I recited to Mrs. L. My lessons were very imperfectly studied, but she bore with me; for she said that my moral affections were strengthening, and that I was acquiring a taste for mental beauties. The process was slow, for I had been, as it were, indurated in my selfish appetites till I hardly felt a wish for social enjoyments. This was, in some measure, caused by my being an only child, and for that misfortune I was to be pitied. But at last I became fond of my schoolmates, and interested in my studies. I learned well, and my parents were astonished and delighted at my progress. The last year I spent with Mrs. L. was the happiest of my life, and it was the most useful. The truths which then dawned on my mind have been darkened by many shadows, but still they have never been totally obscured. Oh, why did I not remain longer in their light, till my vision had been strengthened to discern their fairest beauties! I should not then have followed the delusions of sense and sin.

I was about sixteen when my father died, and my mother sent for me home immediately, and never afterwards permitted me to attend school. I cannot blame her; for she was solitary, indeed, and only seemed to live for my sake; but the circumstance was a fatal one to my improvement. I was not sufficiently strong in self-control to practice the lessons of industry and forbearance my dear Mrs. L. had taught me; and my mother's whole soul was absorbed in my happiness, which she thought could only be insured by indulgences. I became again the petted darling, and every luxury was sought for me. And this indolence seemed charming, and I thought it folly for those who were rich to trouble themselves about learning.

My father had left us rich.

For some years, I led a life of complete inanity. My mother took care of my wardrobe; and this, with managing the house, gave her full employment. I had little to do when at home, and I was not very fond of society, so that I was obliged to have recourse to the complaints of ill health to diversify my life. I had the dyspepsia one year, and was nervous the next, successively. And this might have continued to the end of my days, had not an incident, which occurred while I was on a tour to Canada, roused me once more to exertion. That incident introduced me to a Mr. C——. I was pleased with him from the first, and I wished to make a favorable impression on him. I was tolerably handsome, I believe; my maid always told me I was beautiful; but Mrs. L. had warned me against being flattered by those I thought my inferiors—so, as no person but my maid had ever assured me I was beautiful, I did not quite think myself so. But I was rich. There was no doubt of that; and I found means to let Mr. C—— know I was rich. I had better not have boasted. He was a man of a fine mind and highly cultivated taste; and, after he found I had had the means so abundantly of education, he was less inclined to pardon the ignorance he could not but discover in me. He seemed to fear, too, that addressing me would make him appear mercenary, as no one could think there was a fitness in our characters and tastes. Oh, how I did regret my wasted time! I would have given half my fortune for the benefit of one year's improvement at Mrs. L.'s school. It could not be bought, however.

Mr. C—— did not propose for me, but said he thought he should visit Boston the next summer. I came home and set resolutely to my studies, resolving I would redeem the time. But habit was too strong for my resolution. I had been indolent so long, that employment distressed me; and then I was ashamed to allow my ignorance to appear to those who attended to give me lessons, and I became more peevish and discontented every day. I was dissatisfied with myself, and I had no kind Mrs. L. at hand to soothe my spirit by the pity which encourages. It was better for me, though, that I made the exertion, for I have never since had the dyspepsia, and I should never have been nervous if ——My poor heart! when will it be still forever?

Mr. C—— never came to Boston. He married a few months after I parted from him, and I heard of him at Washington with a fair and intelligent wife, to whom he seemed devoted. The disappointment was, for a time, very vexatious to me, because I had allowed him to know my partiality; and, to escape from my own thoughts, I went more into company.

My mother had one excellence. She was sincere in her character. She never managed to get me a husband; in truth, I do not think she wished to have me married, because she feared I never would find a husband sufficiently kind. But she was growing into years, and she was troubled at leaving me alone in the world. And she began to hint to me

that it was time I made a selection. A number of single gentlemen visited at our house, for our establishment was elegant, and table such as a gourmand would worship. The character of our male visitors may be easily understood. They came to be feasted without any metaphor. There was little said or thought of "reason" or the "soul" at our table. But we had delicious soups and rich wines.

I married Mr. M——. He offered himself to me because I was rich; I accepted because I was nearly thirty, and feared I should not do better. There was no love on either side; but we lived together tolerably well till after my mother's death, which happened about a year after my marriage. I mourned her loss; but it was a selfish feeling entirely, because she had saved me from all domestic cares, and I did not see how I could live without her. Soon my troubles began. I could not manage the household as my mother had done, though I harassed myself with constant cares; and my husband found fault continually. An epicure is always selfish. Never, never let any woman, who wishes for domestic happiness, marry a man whose soul is in his palate. A gourmand will be a tyrant—a capricious, unreasonable tyrant. My husband was a tyrant, and, in witnessing the paroxysms of rage into which he would be thrown, when disappointed of any good thing on which he had set his appetite, gave me more impressive lessons than sermons could have done. I am persuaded that those who would be happy must be temperate in all things; and that excess in eating is as wicked as excess in drinking.

But I linger on circumstances that may seem trifling. They are trifling compared with what I must tell. The confession must be made. It shall be, though my heart break in the effort.

The second year after my mother's decease, I became a mother myself. My daughter, my sweet, lovely child! still thy image lives in my heart. When thinking of thy first smile, of the pressure of thy soft cheek to mine, I can yet feel the thrill of pleasure that agitated my bosom. It is a blessed thing to have the affections called forth. I had never loved till I loved my child. The affection I bore my own mother was a selfish feeling, and always had regard to what she did for me. This was the fault partly of my education, and partly of circumstances. But when I looked on my little delicate babe, my own, a being dependent on my care, and one that I could make happy, oh! my heart was drawn towards it with a yearning of fondness, hope, delight, that was perfectly new and almost overpowering! I could have laid down my life for her:—and yet I murdered her!

Righteous Heaven! was this the punishment of my early self-indulgence?

Though I loved my child, and earnestly wished to train her rightly, I was not fitted for the task. Now it was that I felt the deficiencies of my own education. The lessons of Mrs. L. had impressed my mind with a sense of my infirmities of temper and inconsistencies of conduct, but I did not stay long enough with her to learn how to correct them. I knew I had been wrongly managed, but I had not discriminated the manner or degree. Like many other superficial reasoners, I thought the reverse of wrong must be right. My mother, I knew, had indulged me too much; and so I determined not to indulge my child at all. I made no difference between those indulgences that excite the passions or gratify the appetite, and those which call forth and foster the kind affections and moral feelings. My whole system was one of rigid self-denial. The consequence was, my child feared me, and she never was happy with me. She loved the nursery girl much better than me, and that was a source of constant grief and vexation. I used frequently to send away the girl and let Caroline cry as long as I dared, to punish her for not choosing to have me feed her, and dress her, &c. I fear it was to gratify my own temper as much as to govern hers, that I exerted my authority. None but those who have subdued their own passions are fit to be intrusted with children. They may otherwise love children, but they will not be just towards them.

It was in the month of June—a bright, balmy day—such an one as seems designed for human enjoyment, when, to be happy, we have only to open the heart to the sweet sunny influences around us; and yet, if the heart is not right, how wretched we may be! I was unhappy that day. Some difference with my husband had occurred at the breakfast-table. Since the birth of my daughter, we had lived in much better harmony; he had been more reasonable, as he knew I must attend to the child, when anything had gone wrong in our household affairs. And I believe he loved me more as the mother of his child than as his wife; for he was doatingly fond of Caroline, and our chief difficulties now arose respecting her. He insisted that I was harsh with her, and that it made her obstinate; and then he told a long story about his own mother, and how she used to persuade her children—not hire or drive them—but reason with them.

We had differed that morning in our opinions respecting the time when Caroline should be obliged to learn her lessons steadily. I wanted her to commence then, for she was three years old; my husband thought it was well enough, if she chose to learn, but insisted that no compulsion should be used. But, notwithstanding what he said, I went out and purchased books, and determined to commence that very day, and that she should take her lessons at regular hours every day, whether she were or were not pleased. I came home in no pleasant humor; for I had bowed to a lady who did not return my salute, and I felt enraged at her insolence. With these feelings of anger uppermost in my mind, I entered the nursery. Never shall I forget the sweet looks of my child at that moment. She was

sitting on a cushion, with her face towards the door, the sunlight streamed through the window curtain, its beams fell on her pale-yellow hair, and the ringlets seemed clusters of pure gold. The nursery-maid had been twisting roses among her curls, and the little creature was passionately fond of flowers; so, when I entered, she looked up to me with a laugh of such heartfelt joy that I had come to see her pretty roses, and her blue eyes sparkled with a light that made the sunbeams dim—it was the light of a happy and innocent heart.

"I have brought a new book for you, Caroline," said I.

"My roses, mother; see my pretty roses!" said the child.

I turned to the maid, and bade her take off the roses, for Caroline should say her lesson. I spoke sternly, and Caroline began to weep; I minded nothing of her tears, but took her on my knee and gave her the book.

She threw it on the floor, and cried for her roses. I ordered the maid to go down with the roses; and, when she was gone, I told Caroline that she should pick up her book and read to me. She refused to pick up her book; she was obstinate; but then I had provoked it by my own imprudence in teazing her to read when her mind was engrossed with another object. I should then only have told her of the rose, how it was spelt, and shown her the picture of it, and told her stories about it, that would have made her interested to learn more. What tyrants we are with our children, when, instead of aiding their ideas, we would force them to understand ours!

I had not succeeded to make Caroline pick up her book, when the maid entered to say Mrs. F**** was in the parlor. Mrs. F**** was a very proud and very fashionable lady, and I was glad to receive a call from her; but, in my struggles with Caroline, I had quite discomposed my dress, and this made me excessively angry with the child. Never before had I felt so towards her. I wanted to punish her severely. The maid offered to take her, but I bade her go down and say I would come soon; and then I told Caroline I should shut her in my dark closet while I was gone. She had always been afraid to be alone in the dark, and one of the very few things in which I had uniformly indulged her was to have a light burning through the night. If she ever awoke, and found herself in the dark, she had always been frightened.

When I told her I should put her in the dark closet, she screamed as loudly as possible, and I hurried her in quick, before she had time to yield, because I feared Mrs. F. would hear her shrieks. I locked the door and took the key, to prevent the maid from letting the child out, as I thought that would destroy all the salutary effects of the punishment. I tell all these minute particulars that I may be judged truly. I confess my faults; but yet I did not seem to myself to act unreasonably at the time. Are there not others who have deceived themselves, and been cruel when they only meant to correct?

Caroline had given one long shriek as I shut the door. "Mother! mother! it is dark! all dark!" was the last I heard her say.

Mrs. F**** was extremely polite, and she stayed a long time; I cannot tell how long. My heart misgave me every moment; I wished she would go, for I thought of my poor babe. But she had to tell me of her new bonnet, and ask my opinion of the trimming, and advise me to employ her milliner—such was our discourse while my child was dying!

The moment she was gone I rushed up stairs, and called "Caroline!" "Caroline!" as I unlocked the door. She did not answer. She lay extended on the floor of the closet—her eyes rolled up till only the white glared in their sockets—her features convulsed—and purple as with suffocation. Why dwell on this scene? Horror! horror! is all the word that can express my feelings.

The physician reported she died by fits. The world believed it; her father never knew otherwise; but on my conscience the burden of her death has lain like a mountain of fire, burning while it bowed me to the earth.

"It is dark! all dark!" sounds constantly in my ears. "It is dark! all dark!" to me, indeed! Would that I could place my trust in the God of light!

THE CALL.

BY MARY MAY.

Come, thou beloved, come,
While yet the morning of thy life is bright,
And thou art bounding in its joyous light,
Come to thy sheltering home!

It lies not far from thee,
Even on its threshold have thy footsteps trod;
A court within the mansion of thy God,
Enter, and thou wilt see.

Thy Father dwells therein—
He seeks to lead thee forth 'mid pleasant ways,
Give Him the homage of thy youthful days,
And Heavenly blessings win.

Thou wilt not find repose
Amid the fading world's delusive toys;
Come thou, and seek the more abiding joys
Which only virtue knows.

Then, when fierce storms assail,
And doubts and fears perplex thy wildered mind,
A covert from the tempest thou wilt find—
A hope that ne'er shall fail.

Then shall thy full heart say—
"Father, one day within thy courts with thee
Is better than a thousand are to me
When thou art far away."

THE SOLDIER'S SON; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY MARY, OF FLEMINGTON, N. J.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

"SHALL I take your baggage, sir?" said an intelligent-looking boy to a traveler, who had just arrived at one of the principal hotels at Louisville.

"My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman.

But, struck with the peculiar expression of his countenance, as the boy retired, he flung him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached the traveler with an air of embarrassment.

"Excuse me, sir; I sought employment, not alms."

"True, my little son," said the gentleman, laughing; "but you surely will not return so small a trifle on my hands."

The boy stood for a moment in silence; his young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift. He remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his manly features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached, and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," said he, bowing gracefully to the traveler—"permit me to transfer your bounty." And, presenting the coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

The little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger. Two days afterwards, he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy amongst a group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him.

"May I ask your name, my young acquaintance?" he inquired, in a tone of kindness.

"Wilder Lee," replied the boy; and he still continued to ply the instrument of labor with increasing diligence.

Our traveler, whose name was Wilton, looked at him with increased interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress and the rudeness of his employment.

"Have you no parents?" inquired Mr. Wilton.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

"He is a worn-out soldier, sir, of the Revolution."

And the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent any further interrogation. The tenacious stranger, however, was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And where?"

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable-looking dwelling. Mr. Wilton sighed. A keen November blast, which at the moment whistled around him, told him the inadequacy of such a shelter.

"A soldier," he mentally exclaimed; "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who now revel in luxury."

A few hours afterwards, he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man now before him. He had raised his head slowly from his staff, on which he was leaning, at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance on which the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still, there was something in his high, though furrowed brow, that told his affinity with the proud Wilder; and the ravages of infirmity had not altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Wilton. "I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a Revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man.

And Mr. Wilton now perceived that he was entirely blind. The events of the Revolution afforded an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort.

"I would," said Mr. Wilton, "that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, that there are many whose blood cemented the proud fabric of our independence that are themselves left in want and obscurity."

"True," said the old man; "the decayed soldier, whose strength was wasted in the conflict, has but little for himself at home. But I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown."

"You have a son," said Mr. Wilton, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth called Wilder your all?"

"All that survives of a large family. He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to save me from utter dependence."

"Have you been long deprived of sight?" asked Mr. Wilton.

"Only two years."

"And, during that period, have you had no resource but the labor of your son?"

"None. But the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial piety of my boy renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labors incessantly, and I have no regret but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude."

"I would," said Mr. Wilton, with enthusiasm—"I would I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth! With the advantages of education, he would become an ornament to society. But this, under your peculiar circumstances, he cannot have even in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste for learning," said the old soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There were hours, however, when he could not labor, and, as these were always devoted to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Wilder himself interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labor.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr. Wilton, "of making some arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring-time of life."

"You forget, sir," said Wilder, respectfully bowing, "that I can accept no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous."

"Certainly not, in his present situation; but I have friends here who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support; and you may then be put to business that will secure you a future competence."

"Impossible, sir. My father can have no claims like those on his son. 'Tis but a short time since my weakness required his support; and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?"

Mr. Wilton knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eyes swam in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude. "I feel most deeply your solicitude for my interest; but, indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision which my labor affords; and, should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Wilton was affected. The soldier again leaned his head over his staff, and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son. A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Wilton rose to depart.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service? Will you not even accept"——and he put his hand into his pocket.

But Wilder drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence.

The old man gave him his hand with an air of benignity—

"Accept my thanks, sir; and suffer me to inquire the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty?"

The stranger gave him his name and address, and, receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them.

Mr. Wilton was a man of feeling, but he was also a man of pleasure; and, with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had, however, awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father, the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labor to the shadow of dependence, his deep, but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent, and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling, all were vividly impressed on the visitor. If intercourse with the good influences even cold and torpid hearts, that influence must be strong, indeed, on the soul of feeling.

For a little time, the pageantry of the world lost its power on the gay Wilton, and all the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies that surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity, the picture that memory drew, seemed even yet more vivid than the reality. The following day, Mr. Wilton had left the city; but a blank cover, inclosing two hundred dollars, had been placed, by an unknown hand, in that of the old soldier.

Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveler then experienced was gradually forgotten. The blandishments of pleasure resumed their wonted influence, her glittering wave hurried him onward without the power of reflection; and, if a momentary wish would have led him to inquire the further fate of Wilder Lee, the bright phantasms that surrounded him diverted his purpose. Death had deprived him of an amiable wife, whose influence might have won him from the sphere of illusion; and his only child, early accustomed to the rounds of fashionable pursuits, thought not of opposing them.

The exalted sentiments, however, which, even in childhood, she had imbibed from her mother, preserved her from that contaminating influence; and, amid the blights of a gay world, the purity of her character remained stainless as the snows of the unapproachable cliff. Gentle as the reed of summer, she yielded to the impulses of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by high and frequent communion with the memory of her sainted mother, escaped the thraldom which habit might otherwise have secured. At the age of fifteen, she accompanied an invalid friend to the medical springs

"The cause that brought me hither is now terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Permit me, then, miss, even at this moment of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you have evinced in the sufferings of my departed father, and for the soothing attentions you have paid him. If the cup of affliction is ever yours, may some spirit gentle as your own temper its bitterness—some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover around your pillow!"

Isabel could not reply. Her party had now halted, and she rejoined them.

The young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and, striking into another path, disappeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If anything at that moment could have given her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she was anxious to leave a spot that was now utterly devoid of interest. The light adieus of ceremony were easily concluded, and, early the following morning, she was equipped for departure.

As her father handed her into the carriage, he stopped to speak to an acquaintance, while a young man, who was passing at the moment, suddenly paused, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed—

"Mr. Wilton, my benefactor!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the astonished Wilton. "I know of no one who can give me so flattering a title."

"Ah!" said the young man, whose countenance and voice were but too familiar to the trembling Isabel, "am I then so changed? I am Wilder Lee, the soldier's son, whom seven years ago you rescued from poverty."

Mr. Wilton pressed his hand with emotion.

"You mean I would have rescued, but for his intolerable pride."

"Ah, sir, evasion is unnecessary. We could not mistake the hand that relieved us. Have you, then, no interest in hearing—will you not suffer me to tell you what has been the effect of your bounty?"

"I shall gladly listen to anything in which you are concerned," said Mr. Wilton.

"Two days after you left us, my father was removed to a more comfortable dwelling, and I was entered at school. I could yet attend to the personal wants of my father; and, incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and accountant; and, a year afterwards, was received into a wealthy mercantile house as a clerk. My wages enabled me to make immediate provision for my father, and they were yearly augmented; and now," he added, in a subdued tone, "since he is called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertion will be to discharge the pecuniary part of my obligation, which has so greatly influenced my present destiny."

"The obligation you speak of does not exist," said Mr. Wilton. "An ample equivalent was at once received, in the pleasure of assisting those who were worthy. Do not, then, wound my feelings by so unjust an allusion. But, tell me, is your venerable father no more?"

Wilder briefly sketched the late events. And Mr. Wilton now shook him warmly by the hand.

"Farewell, dear Wilder; my carriage has been some time waiting. Believe me that I rejoice in your prosperity, and remember that you may always command my friendship."

Wilder looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation. From her father, who was himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his first knowledge of Wilder Lee. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart; and, though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of romantic excellence in the imagination of Isabel, was identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the recesses of her heart, and leaving no trace on the surface of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain unsought, and Mr. Wilton was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his every wish; but her firmness remained unshaken. His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate which, though sufficient for all the chaster elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance looked coldly and carelessly on his wreck; while the unhappy Wilton, driven to madness, could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world he had implicitly trusted. The family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet under the hammer, a new bidder appeared, apparently from a distance; his horse dripped with sweat, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as usual in such cases, was going at half its value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr. Wilton was still the occupant, and the new proprietor waited on him immediately. Isabel had that moment left her father for some domestic call, and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion from their recent residence, when Wilder Lee stood suddenly before him.

"Welcome, most welcome to my heart, dearest Wilder," he exclaimed; "I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am now here only on sufferance. To-morrow I may have no shelter for my head."

"Not so," cried Wilder; "you have yet a shelter; your present home is still yours; and no earthly power can expel you from it."

"What mean you?" said the astonished Wilton.

"Fourteen years since," he replied, "you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want, and secured my subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, and that debt devolved on me. True, you disclaimed it; but it was yet uncanceled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not, however, lain idle. The profits of the house in which I some years ago became a partner have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount has this day redeemed your forfeited estate. By a mere accident, I had seen it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither; and now," he added, with a smile, taking the hand of Mr. Wilton, "will you not welcome your Wilder to your home? It is not long since you gave me a check on your friendship; I have come to claim it: and surely you can no longer refuse the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I derived not only wealth, but the pleasure of this moment."

Mr. Wilton wept. The thoughtless man of the world wept at the sacred triumph of virtue. Wilder himself was overcome by the scene, and paced the floor in silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as a lovely phantom. It looked indeed like a thing of life. The blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely breath on the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her. Just so its shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck.

"Tell me," he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr. Wilton, "who is the original of this picture?"

Surprised at the agitation of his manner, Mr. Wilton replied—

"Have you never seen her?"

"Seen her! oh yes; her image has long been engraved on my heart; but of her name I am yet ignorant."

"Her name is Wilton," said the astonished father. "She is my only child."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Wilder, "what new excitement awaits me!"

"May I ask the cause of this emotion, Wilder? How, or in what manner, have you known my beloved Isabel?"

Wilder gave a wild and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance, and the long concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to Mr. Wilton.

"Tell me," he said, taking the throbbing hand of his friend, "tell me, Wilder, in sacred faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness."

Wilder flung himself into his arms.

"Ah, sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long season of utter hopelessness? has not my spirit turned from all allurements of the world, to commune with the recollection of her virtues?"

Mr. Wilton left the room in silence, and returned with the trembling Isabel.

"You are worthy of each other," he said, and joining their hands, he invoked the blessings of heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promises.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

It is seldom that a great man has not some imitators, a troop of meeker minds who follow more or less obediently in the footsteps of their *exemplar*. A man is possessed by some new idea—it gives him no rest till he brings it before the world in the shape of words or deeds; instantly up start a throng of people to whom that idea has come as the embodiment of their life-dream; and as Correggio, when, ignorant and untaught, he stood before the pictures in the old cathedral, exclaimed, "And I, too, am a painter!" so do they gird up their loins and set out on the path which their great pioneer has hewn for them through the wilderness. Somewhat like these were my reflections when I read the "Confidences of Lamartine." Not that he can claim the merit of perfect originality, which even in the days of Solomon was a departed glory, for Rousseau far surpasses the poet and politician of Paris in the fullness of his self-revealings. But few would venture to hold themselves up to blame or contempt like Rousseau; while there is hardly one among us who looks back over some forty or fifty years, who could not, if he chose,

"Shoulder his crutch and fight his battles over again,"

and tell tales of tender love and youthful adventure, of strange scenes and very peculiar people, that would both amuse and astonish the heavens to find that such common-place persons should have seen so much. And so I have been looking for